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THE STORY OF "THE ACCIDENT."

I WAS looking at Smith's picture of "The Accident," in Moneybagge's gallery, the other evening. You remember the picture, of course, for it was the artistic sensation of the year '81, and translated Smith, who was living in a loft, to the finest studio in town, where he is now revealing in every form of affluence which comes to a fashionable genius in these days when there are fashions in brains as well as bonnets and French boots. Well, I was looking at his picture, with that sensuous enjoyment of the fine arts as a luxury that a good dinner is so wonderfully conducive to, when my host came in, crimson and heavy eyed from overfeeding, but exuding his usual post-prandial joviality, compounded of natural good nature and an unnatural accumulation of dollars.

"Hah," said he, "you remember her, hay? I tell you, she's a hummer, ain't she, now? I can take ten thousand for her any day I want to, and I figure that a hundred per cent. ain't so bad for a three years' investment. But she'll be worth more later on, and besides I haven't got any occasion to break up housekeeping just yet. But I say, X., those fellows get a living pretty easy, don't they now? Just think! All that chap had to do was to sit down and paint and get a cold five thousand for it. Why, I can remember the time when I worked like a dog—yes, like a dog—in a junk cart by—for a good deal less than half that much a year."

I have the greatest respect for my friend Moneybagge—in the first place, because he is rich; in the second, because he is a good fellow; and finally, because his dinners are the best I ever ate. But I must admit that his ideas of art are purely mercantile, not to say sordid, in character. He buys pictures because he has an idea that it pays. They represent money, not art, to him, and he never visits his gallery without reckoning up the profit it will bring him if he ever has a sale. I do not blame him for the frivolous view he takes of the profession of picture-making any more than I would dream of blaming little Ebenezer Moneybagge, Jr.'s, pet donkey for preferring thistles to rose buds for alimentary purposes. Little Ebenezer's papa, like little Ebenezer's pet quadruped, only follows out the hereditary instincts which have put him where he is. But there are instances in which Moneybagge's levity galls me, because it is too flagrantly ribald, and Smith's picture is one of these.

I am in a measure responsible for the existence of that work, and an aspersion of its seriousness as a production of human industry becomes a personal matter with me. I speak from experience when I say that if Moneybagge ever worked as hard for one of his millions as Smith did to realize his "Accident," he deserves every copper of it. I have no idea how hard his millions were to get, remember, and I make no doubt he earned them. Far be it from me to insinuate that a man who gives such dinners as Moneybagge doesn't deserve the capital he gives them on. I have too much respect for myself as a guest and Moneybagge as a host to hint at such a thing. It is for this reason that I propose to tell you the story of Smith's picture and let it speak for itself.

To begin with the idea for it.

We were together, Smith and I, late one winter night, in a drowsy little beer shop on Washington Square, much frequented by the artists who have colonized in the neighborhood since fashion abandoned it, and by the dingy denizens of the communistic foreign quarter close by. Smith was, to put it politely, a trifle under the influence of the soporific atmosphere of the place, which a roaring storm without and a roaring stove within combined to make a perfect toper's paradise. Do not, I implore you, permit me to suggest that Smith was at that or any other period of his career a disreputable or dissipated fellow. On the contrary, he was as nearly a model of propriety as a man can be who does not pay taxes. But he was a young man, and a poor one; he had many friends but more pride, and his coat was shabby. So he went among the shabby coats of these brother Bohemians and exiles, and felt at home.

He was on the occasion in question dreaming over his pipe and his flat beer, when I read him a paragraph from an evening paper describing, in a few lines, the return to his family in an East side tenement house of a poor laborer who had been killed in a street accident. The story was told in reporter's English, but there was a certain stirring vividness about it which led me to call his attention to it. He roused himself as I read, took the paper when I was through and read it over himself.

"My God! What a subject that would make!" he said. "What a picture, what a picture!"

He cut the paragraph out with his penknife, read it again and again, and finally put it away as carefully as if it was the finest of gold filigree, in a pocket-book in which there were no bank-bills to keep it company.

A couple of weeks later, coming up-town from my office, I made a short cut through one of the most wretched of our tenement districts, chasing an appetite for dinner with conquering feet. As I posted along I came up with Smith, walking slowly with his hands in his pockets and his thin overcoat dripping with the rain, his eyes alert to every passer by and to every house he passed.

"I'm going to paint that picture," said he, "the accident, you know, and I've been putting in the day making sketches."

He had a book full of them; it looked as if he had explored the interiors of half the district. He was full of his subject, talked nothing else and stopped twice in the rain to add to the stores of his sketch book. "I'll make a stunner of it, old boy," he said when we parted. "I feel it cooking in me. I believe I could go to work to-night, upon my soul I do."

A few days later I met him in a frame-maker's shop and asked him how

the picture was getting on. He was very blue and told me he had done nothing further towards it. "The fact is, X.," he said earnestly, "I'm afraid it is beyond me. Besides it is an awfully dismal subject. Suppose I was to paint it and it did not sell?"

I left him, grappling this dreadful possibility, in the throes of despair. Ten days passed, when, being in the University Building, I called on Smith. I found him black to the roots of his hair making pen and ink drawings for a juvenile magazine. "I've got her started, X.," he cried joyously. "Wait till I finish this. The boy will be here for them this afternoon and I'll put my bill in to-morrow, and then go to work in real earnest."

He looked little more substantial or human than a ghost as he dragged his treasures out to show them to me. Smith never was an Adonis. You who know him now in his dress suit, or that purple velvet coat he will persist in wearing, with his hair bristling up from his square head like a brush from which the rats have been lurching, and his gray eyes goggling at you from his nervous face, will admit that you have often wondered what made him so clever. Could you have seen him just now, with the ink-smears on his face, with his cravat twisted under his ear like a halter and his lean hand waving as if in incantation over the revelations he made, you would have made sure of the location of the door, and asked yourself what madman this was, who went frantic over these dirty sketching pads, these begrimed sheets of wrapping paper, these canvases defiled with incoherent smears. But to him this dirt and grime and smear meant something. It returned to him an echo of the story his heart kept telling to itself. He had run out of paper, and made sketches in color, in pencil, crayon, charcoal, anything that would mark, on the backs of old pictures, on screens and on the wall. Indeed, the composition he finally chose, and which you so well know, was sketched in billiard chalk over a half finished picture which hung above his easel waiting for him to recollect what he had felt like when he started it. He had filled a couple of fresh sketch books with types of character, and told me in high glee of certain models he had picked up. "I'll get to work on them to-morrow," he said. "I took that job there to raise money enough to go ahead on, and at nine A. M., sharp, the last bell will ring, you bet."

He brought out the canvas for the great work, and smoothed it over as lovingly as a mother would caress a sleeping child.

He told me in detail how he had settled on that size as the best, and why, and how he picked the canvas out, and what it cost. He had laid in a special stock of colors, too—real French colors, such as he had used in Paris, and he squeezed them out on his thumb nail to show me how pure they were, and compared them with those he commonly used.

"There's nothing like them," he cried, "if you want your work to last. Look at old Jenks' pictures now, though he hasn't been dead twenty years. He used to boast of never using foreign colors, and where will his work be when it's a hundred?"

From an inadvertent remark I believe that he had been living for some days with less than his usual number of meals in consequence of these investments, but he was as boisterously jolly as a school-boy at a fire, and I left him with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, striding along, his coat flying in the bitter breeze and his eyes among the stars.

I was not astonished when I next met him, however, to find him under a cloud again. I knew him and his kind too well. This time the trouble was in the composition. He had tried all the twenty odd till he could hardly pick the outlines out on the canvas, but none suited him. He was walking in Central Park when he told me this, blue with cold, and with his very voice frost bitten, and still no inspiration had come to him. We went to see a comic opera together that night, and by the time we separated his spirits were soaring gaily up again into the heaven of dreams.

"Do you know, X.," he said, as we grasped hands, under the trees of the old park, with the moon riding high among the hurrying clouds, making a kaleidoscope of light and shade upon the snow, "I have an idea. I've been worried all along about selling my picture when I paint it, but, my boy, that's not the way to paint a picture, is it? I don't care now if I sell it or not. I'm going to paint it for John Smith, Esquire, and if any one wants to buy it when it's done, let him make an offer. I want it myself, don't you see? Some one may outbid me for it, but I'm going to have it if no one else does. Isn't that the true philosophy?"

I felt now that though his dream was intangible, yet it had a soul and could not help but grow. And I see his white face as I write, with the cold moonbeams playing on it, and his lean figure, all the leaner in his shabby coat, that looked thinner even than it was, and the bright eyes whose fire warmed me as I shuddered in the blast.

But I do not propose to follow him through all the inflections of his varying moods. It would make a long story, and a very dull and dismal one even for Smith himself. It is with the material vicissitudes of his work I have to deal. Indeed, I am writing of Smith's picture rather than himself, and if he turns up so often, it is because his picture is himself and the man is inseparable from his work.

He had been at it about a month, only leaving his studio for his meals, and stopping work to sleep, when his money gave out. I don't like to think how he lived towards the end of that month, but I know how he must have stunted himself to spin his slender store out to its extremest limit. It reached it at last, and one night I found him in the beer shop silent and despairing. "It's no use, X.," he groaned, "fate is against me,

I can't keep the fight up. I could have put a knife through it this afternoon, I swear I could."

"But you didn't?" I asked somewhat anxiously, for I had come to take a personal interest in the work myself.

"Well, no, I didn't," he replied slowly, "but I put it in a corner and scraped my palette off."

I saw him night after night now, but asked him nothing about his picture and he volunteered no information. He absorbed his beer, smoked constantly, and played billiards, dominoes or cards with any one who called on him for a game. One evening, finally, he did not appear, or rather was not there when I looked in for him. I asked the corpulent hostess, who divided her time between the cash drawer and the noisy parrot, if she had seen him.

"He was in early this morning," she replied. "But he won't be back to-night. He is at work on his picture again. He began to-day, I know, for he paid his bill and took in bread and cheese enough to last him till to-morrow. Do you know, sir," and she sunk her voice into a gressome whisper, "I believe if anything happened to that picture Mr. Smith would cut his throat, just like the cobbler round the corner last week."

You must know that the picture had by this time become an old acquaintance with every one Smith knew. He would talk about it, tell stories of his models, and in one way or another make it the topic of conversation in the end, no matter how distant a subject that conversation began. It was his one passion, and as long as he talked about it you might know that he was progressing with it. When he did not, it was safe to infer that the wheels of progress had become clogged. I found out, later on, how he had unclogged them this time. He had painted a lot of ornaments and figures on sign boards for a sign painter, whose advertisement he had chanced upon in the *Herald*. "And every time I went to work on one and all the time I worked," he said, when he made the confession to me, "I despised myself. I used to jump up and kick the infernal things around the room, and then get back to work at them as mild as cold tea. I know you think I'm a fool, but I'm not. I've only got too many nerves for a beggar. But I always had sense enough to think of the picture, and while I cursed the job and raved at it, I kept pegging away till it was done."

You would, doubtless, find the list of expedients of this sort which he resorted to incredible. Indeed I do not know myself all the devices he invented to feed the monster he had created for himself. There was scarcely one of the miserable creatures who served him as models who did not live in greater ease and comfort than he. Once I met him walking down town, with the slush ankle deep, to deliver a batch of designs for valentines to a publisher in Chatham Street; and at another time, when I had to hunt him up with a trifling commission in the way of a portrait of a prize bull-dog for a sporting collegian of my acquaintance, I ran him to earth in a sign-painter's cellar, painting portraits on political transparencies. He made caricatures by the dozen, of which he sold a couple here, and peddled a couple more there among the comic papers, the whole lot bringing him in about the week's wages of a longshoreman. He got a job at scene painting. He painted a couple of game panels for an eating-house. He decorated the walls of the basement in Washington Square with landscapes in oil, which transported the patrons of the house to the beery shades of their fatherland. I am willing to take oath that I recognized his hand in the realistic ornamentation of the French sausage-maker's wagon, where he used to lay in his supply of *cervelat*, for sausage and dry bread made many a dinner for him. He wore his overcoat far into the spring, and might have worn it into season again if a lucky streak of magazine illustration had not set him on his financial feet.

You can, of course, imagine that the picture did not progress very rapidly among these interruptions. But it went on now, steadily and surely, and as it advanced in substantial form, the painter grew leaner, more haggard and white-faced. It seemed as if he was transfusing his own vitality to his work. In truth, he was putting his whole heart in it, as all men must when great work is to be done. The summer sun transformed his studio to an oven. In the winter he had painted in his overcoat, with a recess now and then devoted to trotting the floor to revive his chilled circulation. Now he worked in his shirt, with a wet towel round his temples. He was three months in arrears with his rent, he passed his laundry on the other side of the way, he ate, when he did eat at all, in the little beanery on Union Square, where the actors dine when the season has been unpropitious. But he no longer lost heart.

"I know it's a good picture," said he. "I feel it, and I'll finish it, unless I drop dead with a brush in my hand."

I was more than once afraid this end might come to pass, and yet I dared not offer to help him, for the man's pride was as sensitive as a fresh wound. I bought a couple of sketches from him once, and when I gave him the few dollars the transaction involved, his hand trembled so that he could not take them up, and he walked into a dark corner and suddenly began to cry. Desperate as he was, it hurt him to tax the ready sympathy of a friend whose condition he suspected to be little better than his own. At another time I discovered that he had been to dinner at a relative's house. He had relatives in easy, if not opulent circumstances, but he commonly held no communication with them. It was a bitter stress of misery that sent him to eat of their grudging bounty, you may be sure.

Yet, while his condition was most desperate and his necessities most clamorous, he almost threw old McGilp down-stairs when that worthy and speculative individual offered him \$500, to be paid in weekly installments, pending its completion, for his great work. The offer meant a

comfort he had not known for months, but it was an insult to him, and he has not forgiven McGilp to this day. After "The Accident" made its hit, the dealer approached him for a picture a patron of his wanted. "If I couldn't sell a single picture again," said Smith, with an ugly glitter in his dreamy eyes, "except through you, I'd give up painting and take to driving a truck. Don't you ever come to see me again on business or pleasure." Poor McGilp, who had meant his offer for the best, and made it in the most friendly spirit compatible with business, speaks of Smith with tears in his eyes. "A great painter, sir," he will tell you—"a real old master, so to speak. Lord! the money I could make for him and me if he wasn't so sensitive."

The McGilp episode occurred in the latter stages of the picture. By this time Smith's nerves had been converted to fiddlestrings. He no longer slept except by snatches, and when he did sleep the figures on his canvas assumed life. He saw the battered corpse in the patch of moonlight on his floor, and the shrieks of the wailing women woke him, when he would light his lamp, try to read, pace up and down, and fall asleep at last when day broke, more ghastly and forlorn than the wan dawn which lent his face the color of death. There is a famous picture in the national collection in Paris, called "Glory." The scene is a garret, with the cold sky gleaming through its splintered shingles, and the dust-laden cobwebs hanging heavily from its sagging beams. Bare of all comfort, this mournful abode of misery and genius is hallowed by death. The hand of the great leveler has reached in through that window, beyond which you see the chimneys of Paris smoking up like the fires of a great altar, and torn the painter from his task. And the artist, abandoned like a stricken street cur, without even a grave, lies low among his rags, while Fame comes up the garret stairs and fills its desolation with a radiance which can no longer warm or dazzle the man who has won her tardy favor. That picture came back to me many a time while Smith was at his work. Like the painter in the picture, his was a lottery, for triumph or death. Would he draw the black bean or the white?

One morning, before even the milkman had sounded his reveille under my window, I was aroused by a tremendous battering at my door. It was Smith, livid, without a collar, with his hair all over his head like a ragged terrier's. He nearly emptied my not over full brandy bottle, and threw himself upon my lounge with a hoarse, unnatural laugh.

"Don't mind me, old boy," he said, "go to bed and leave me here, I'll get along all right."

"But what ails you?" I demanded, "are you sick or crazy?"

He brushed his eyes with his lean, transparent hand.

"I can't sleep down there," he cried, his words tripping one another up in their feverish haste. "It's like lodging in a family vault—nothing but ghosts and dreams. Do you know what I dreamed to-night, old fellow? I thought I had finished my picture, and was looking at it, and you all were there and a room full besides and it was a great success and—"

He paused for breath.

"And?" I repeated.

"And a stroke of lightning came and melted it all up into smoke before our eyes." He almost screamed this climax at me, reaching out his hand like a claw, and driving the fingers of the other through the stout plush of the lounge. "Into smoke, and there was a devil's face leering at me in its place. O God! I only wonder how I got into the street without jumping out of the window."

I wondered too, but I got him quiet and dosed him to sleep with a glass of judiciously doctored spirits. He woke late in the afternoon greatly refreshed, for it was the first protracted sleep he had enjoyed for weeks. I had in the meantime consulted a physician, though I knew beforehand what his decision would be.

"The man wants rest," he said, "perfect rest, and if he doesn't get it he will go mad."

I resigned myself to the prospect of having to help poor Smith into a strait jacket, for I knew the alternative was one he would not accept, when a singular chance arose to save him from the end to which I believe he was really being drawn. In the doorway of the University Building, half covered with snow, for winter had come around again, he found a poor starving cur. Disturbed in its final and merciful midnight stupor by his foot, the miserable brute licked the boot that had recalled it to the curse of existence. The man took into his arms this one living creature poorer and more despairing than himself, and carried it up to his desolate room. He built for it the fire he stinted himself, of, he shared his half loaf of stony bread with it, and it slept under his thin blanket with its battered head on his cold breast. He told me long afterwards, "I slept without a dream that night, and when I woke the poor creature had not moaned for fear of disturbing me. And, X." (there were tears in his eyes and voice that would have been an honor to any man), "it licked my face, and when I put my hand up to pat it, it held up its paw to beg me not to strike it. Strike it! I would as soon have thought of striking a baby."

The malediction of solitude was driven from the wretched studio by this poor, grateful cur. Henceforth the painter worked with company, and slept with another heart beating against his own. With its scarred and malignantly ugly head upon the man's knee, the brute would look sympathy into his eyes when the weary hand faltered at its lonely task. When he worked it stretched out on the floor and watched him. No voice could call it from its post, no bait could tempt it away. In every line of its gaunt and ragged body, in every gleam of its big tearful eyes, it bespoke its affection for and its devotion to the one human being it probably had experienced the tenderness of true humanity from. Its fidelity was so

close and so unswerving that the boys christened it "Smith's Shadow," and as Shadow it is known to this day. The name fitted it then in a realistic as well as a figurative sense, though people often wonder now why it was applied.

Smith and his Shadow put the finishing touches to "The Accident" at last, having literally divided their last crust at the same time. The picture was shown to a few of the elect, and pronounced the masterpiece it was. If you could have seen the painter and the place on the day he first exhibited that masterpiece to his friends you would have rubbed your eyes and asked yourself if it was real. Picture a room with the plaster rotting from the ceiling, veiled in cobwebs and lost in shadow; a few blotched and tattered sketches and prints on the damp, mouldering walls, for everything salable had long since gone; a grate full of ashes, and the snow a foot high on the sill. And in the bleak and bitter white light of the lofty window through whose loose frame the snow blew in powdery puffs, the thing wrought into life by the genius of that shabby spectre, with the gaunt cur squatting at his side and following every motion of his nervous and excited hand with vigilant eyes. When we entered that room we had shivered, for it was colder than the street. But there was that in it which warmed our blood with the fires of enthusiasm. It stood upon the rickety easel, and in it were embalmed a year of an honest man's life and all his heart.

Shall I tell you how we congratulated Smith, and shook his hand, which was hot with fever, though he was shuddering, and how he broke down, and the Shadow came between his knees, as he sat in his big chair, and looked up at him, weeping, with the tears making two ridiculous channels down his own hairy face! B-r-r-r! How the wind howled, and the loose doors in the great desert of a corridor banged like cannon, the Shadow, despite his grief, giving a growl at each detonation. But cold as it was, and with not a scrap to make a fire out of, we cracked a merry bottle, and admired and criticised, and admired again, till night came, and we groped our way out and got lost in the black passages, and were found again by the dog. We had a roaring dinner that night. For once Smith's refusals of an entertainment he was too proud to accept, because he needed it, availed him nothing. As for the Shadow, I have his master's assurance that it took three days and nights of sleep to digest his feast for him.

We escorted Smith home, in the dead small hours, and sent him up to sleep in his garret with his two companions, the ideal and the brute, and with a fire which we had got the janitor to build, while we were banqueting, to take the ban of winter off their slumbers. Perhaps you will find such details as these ridiculous, but life is not made up entirely of dignified facts. Its most solemn and pathetic episodes, indeed, have often that touch of the absurd about them which poor Smith's probation of misery displayed, and these touches redeem them from absolute horror, and render them human where they would otherwise be revolting.

The picture was done now, but the work was not. It had yet to be framed, and that meant a cash outlay of at least \$50. You will pardon the vulgar detail, I am sure. I wish to show you how slight a trifle may interpose an almost insurmountable barrier between merit and its reward. It was on New Year's Day that Smith showed "The Accident" to us, with his signature in the corner. He had two months to spare until the pictures for the Spring Exhibition were collected. It was not until ten days before the carts came around that Smith and the Shadow picked out a moulding in a framemaker's shop, and went forth prepared for the final ordeal. In order to pay for the frame for the picture, for which Moneybagge gave him his "cold five thousand," Smith had painted a couple of hundred bar-room show cards, those familiar Tom and Jerry bowls, and steaming tumblers of punch and overflowing beer glasses of gigantic stature, with pigmy toppers scaling them by ladders to partake of their lofty nectarian delights, which have become a necessity to our bibulous civilization.

How he and the Shadow managed to live between this period and the opening of the exhibition, they alone know. But twenty-four hours after the galleries were opened to the press their troubles were over. Moneybagge purchased "The Accident" on reception night, and the painter, who could not decently go to see his own picture on that occasion, slept worth a fortune, and without a supper. He says he nearly fainted when the salesman, who knew his condition, came to his studio and announced the sale early next morning. He had set the price Moneybagge paid for it on the picture, with the absolute conviction that if he was lucky enough to sell it at all, it would be after a bargain, and at so large a reduction that mere speculation on it made him shudder. The catalogue figure had been meant to be impressive, not immovable. He found me dressing for breakfast, and I found him so white and shaken that I was afraid the end had really come. But joy does not always kill. He took my hands in both his own and said:

"Old man, Shadow and I are hungry and dead broke, so we will take breakfast with you, if you please. We'll take you to dinner, for I've—my God, X., I've sold it!"

And he threw his arms around my neck, and his sobs and the Shadow's sympathetic howls made up the chorus of victory.

So, if you ever dine with Moneybagge, which I sincerely hope, for your own sake, you will, and he gives you his views of art, as an easy and profitable trade, as he is certain to do, remember the genesis of Smith's great picture, as I have told it you, and ask yourself, is it the only pearl our art has cast before our Moneybagges, or is it but a type of its kind? You need not tell your host what you are thinking about, however, for he will not understand you, and you might lose another dinner by your indiscretion, which would be a pity.

A. T.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

II.

BOLMER, M. DeFOREST.—Born Yonkers, N.Y., 1854. First exhibited N. A. D. 1877. He paints American landscape, in a quiet key, with good color and treatment.

CRANE, BRUCE.—Born New York, 1857. Pupil of A. H. Wyant. First ex. N. A. D., 1878. Studied abroad 1878 and 1882. Member S. A. A. He paints American rural scenery with spirit and pleasing effect.

BRICHER, A. T.—Born Portsmouth, N. H., 1839. First ex. N. A. D. 1868, A. N. A. 1879. Member Am. W. C. S. He paints landscapes and coast views, and resides at Southampton, L. I., but has a studio in this city.

CRAIG, THOMAS B.—Born Philadelphia, Pa., 1849. Member Philadelphia Society of Art sts. His specialty is American pastoral landscape.

CLARK, ALVAN.—Born Mass., 1804. Self-taught engraver and portrait painter. Abandoned art for scientific pursuits and made many valuable improvements in astronomical instruments.

DONOHU, G. RUGER.—Born Church Hill, Miss., 1857. Pupil of R. Swain Gifford. Went to Europe in 1879 and studied in France. He paints landscapes with breadth and vigor.

BLASHFIELD, EDWIN H.—Born New York 1848. Went to Europe 1867, and became a pupil of Leon Bonnat. First ex. N. A. D. 1873. Royal Academy, London, 1876. Paris Salon, 1876. He paints the figure, and has given out many interesting and valuable historical and decorative compositions. His "Suspense," N. A. D., 1882, attracted merited attention. His historical works relate chiefly to the American Revolution. His decorative paintings rank among the finest in conception and execution made in the United States.

BAKER, WILLIAM BLISS.—Born New York. Pupil of Albert Bierstadt, M. F. H. De Haas and N. A. D. First ex. N. A. D. 1879. Took third Hallgarten prize N. A. D. 1884. His specialty is American pastoral landscape, which he paints with much fidelity and a high degree of realistic truth.

BECKWITH, J. CARROLL.—Born Hannibal, Mo., 1852. Pupil of Ecole des Beaux Arts, Carolus Duran and Adolphe Yvon, Paris. First ex. Salon, Paris, 1877. Member S. A. A. He paints the figure in a large, free manner, and has been most successful with portraits of women.

BELLOWS, ALBERT F.—Born Milford, Mass., 1829. Began the study of Art while in an architect's office, in Boston; afterwards in Paris and in Royal Academy, Antwerp. First ex. N. A. D. 1856. Elected A. N. A. 1859; N. A. 1861. His specialty was landscape, and he was most successful in New England scenery, which he rendered in a somewhat conventional but pleasing manner. He painted European landscape, and figures, and was eminently successful as an etcher, and a water colorist. He was one of the most prolific of American artists. Died, New York, 1883.

BENJAMIN, S. G. W.—Born Argos, Greece, 1837; a son of an American missionary to the Levant. Studied for two years in Constantinople, under Carlo Brindesi and Farrier; afterwards with S. L. Gerry and William E. Norton, Boston, Mass. First ex. Boston, 1872, N. A. D. 1878. His principal work has been done in Art literature. In 1883 he was appointed resident minister at Teheran, from which post he recently returned to this city. His pictures consist of marine views and landscapes.

SCHUCHARDT, JR., FREDERICK.—Born New York, 1856. Studied with William Morgan and J. G. Brown, 1875-78. First ex. N. A. D. 1877. He paints in the same line of subjects as his masters, and his works betray their influence strongly.

SMITH, CALVIN RAE.—Born New York, 1850. Pupil N. A. D. *Ecole des Beaux Arts*—Carolus Duran, D. Maillart, and Adolphe Yvon, in Paris and Italy, from 1874-79. First ex. Salon, Paris, 1878. He paints figure *genre*. Is interested in photography, and has made some valuable inventions.